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Kenyon Collegian

VOL. LVI

KENYON COLLEGE

KENYON COLLEGE, GAMBIER, OHIO, NOVEMBER 15, 1929

NO. 2

LIBRARY

MAUVE MASTERS MARIETTA 20-13

Purple Passes Provide
Home Coming Crowd
With Thrills

"DUD" STOCK

Shines As Kenyon Takes Muddy Victory

Displaying a smooth line plunging and forward pass offense despite a muddy field, Kenyon's purple-backed football team captured its annual Home Coming game on November 2, defeating Marietta 20-13. A happy crowd of returning alumni watched the encounter.

It was a good football game for the spectators, although all the actual point scoring was done in such an efficient and unobtrusive manner that those on the sidelines had slight opportunity to appreciate it. The many spectacular plays of the game had little bearing on the score.

Throughout the game Kenyon maintained a superiority which was so apparent that even the most dangerous Marietta threats caused little or no anxiety. Kenyon gained 13 first downs to the visitors' nine but had many more nullified by penalties. In fact, it was this same tendency to commit infractions of the rules which prevented, undoubtedly, three more additional Kenyon scores.

Marietta's two touchdowns were due more to Kenyon's sinful conduct

(Continued on page two)

HOME COMING DRAWS MANY GAY ALUMNI

In spite of the unfavorable weather conditions, an unusually large crowd of alumni and visitors witnessed Kenyon's victory over Marietta at the Homecoming football game on Nov. 2. The decided improvement in the football team has evidently provoked a little interest and we were glad to see so many familiar faces at the hop and also at the game.

The following alumni were guests of their respective divisions:

Mathew Maurey, '04, Philadelphia, Pa.

Carl Ganter, '99, New York.
Howard Wright, '02, Cleveland, O.
Charles Wright, '06, Cleveland, O.
F. F. Eckerle, '17, Fostoria, O.
Atlee Schafer, Cleveland, O.
Wm. H. Galberach, Cleveland, O.
R. D. Nicholson, Wheeling, W. Va.
Malcolm B. Adams, Lakewood, O.
F. C. Liepman, Mt. Vernon, O.
W. B. Mill, Niles, O.

James A. Ulmer, Cincinnati, O.
David L. Cable, '21, Cleveland, O.
James M. Wade, '22, Cleveland, O.
Robert Baxter, '29, Cleveland, O.
L. Brigman, Euclid, O.
R. Weaver, Cleveland, O.
W. T. Kinder, '11, Cleveland, O.
Rev. Lewis Bailey, '21, Gambier.
Alfred Granger, '87, Chicago, Ill.
Thomas Goddard, '03, New York.

(Continued on page two)

DR. FAY COMPLETES LARWILL LECTURES

Speaks On Modern Literature
And On Franklin

Before leaving for his native France, Dr. Bernard Fay of the University of Clermont-Ferrand, completed his series of Larwill Lectures. The first of these was on the "Psychological Basis of Modern Literature." The second was on Dr. Fay's favorite subject, Benjamin Franklin. While the dates of these talks had to be advanced because of his early sailing dates, both lectures were exceptionally well attended by students and faculty alike. Dr. Fay proved to be one the most entertaining lecturers of the entire Larwill series.

"LITERATURE IS CULTURAL MODE OF SELF EXPRESSION"

Dr. Fay gave a thoroughly interesting lecture on the psychological Basis of Modern Literature in Philo Hall on Tuesday evening, October 15. The views he expressed were undoubtedly sincere belief, and were carried to the audience in a clear and concise manner.

According to Dr. Fay, real literature is not a commercialized art. Rather, it delves into the instincts of all mankind; it is the cultural mode of self-expression, and not a mere jumble of words that require no thought or labor in reading. In some countries, writing is believed to be a holy procedure, and for this reason no written work of any kind is destroyed, because injury or destruction to the results of one's written labors is thought to be injury to

(Continued on page five)

TWO NEW MEMBERS ADDED TO FACULTY

With the opening of the present college year, Kenyon students found two new faces among those of their faculty. One is Prof. Keller, who becomes assistant professor in the department of Economics and the other is Mr. Stewart McGowan, instructor in history.

Prof. Keller took his undergraduate work at Knox College, completing his work and getting his Master of Arts degree in the University of Chicago, graduate school. Before becoming a member of the Kenyon faculty, Prof. Keller taught in the University of Chicago, and also spent some time as an instructor of Economics at Butler University. He is a member of Sigma Nu, social fraternity, of Phi Kappa Delta, forenseic, and of Phi Beta Kappa.

Mr. McGowan, a graduate of Kenyon in the Class of '28, is familiar to most of the older students here. This past year he spent in graduate work at Western Reserve University. His duties are as assistant to Dr. Peirce in his history course and to Dr. Cahall. He is a member of Alpha Delta Phi.

DR. PEIRCE'S COLUMN

Most travelers in Europe try the flight between Paris and London. I desired to make it once myself, but London was enveloped in fog for a week, and though you could fly boldly forth from Paris there was no assurance of being able to find a landing-place on the other side of the Channel.

But July flights from Athens to Constantinople are subject to no such interruptions, and we were able to take to the air with the confident expectation of arriving at our proposed port. The service between the two cities is maintained by an Italian company, whose planes start from Trieste, arrive at Athens via Brindisi, and then make the distance to Constantinople in thirty hours less than the trains and twenty less than the steamers.

Early in the morning an automobile called for us at our hotel, and drove us to the airport at Phaleron, a name which Dr. Radford will be shocked to know the modern Greeks accent on the first syllable. After more or less difficulty with officials because Mrs. Peirce was not Miss Taylor as she should have been according to the Greek interpretation of our passport, which Miss Taylor had witnessed, we were rowed out to the AZDM; we mounted on top of her, and then descended into a snug little cabin with three tiny windows on either side, and leather-upholstered seats, allegedly for ten, but as a matter of fact very well filled by five passengers. The other three persons were an Italian gentleman from Potenza, a common Italian, and a fat good-natured Swiss, who it proved was an inn-keeper from Cairo. We stuffed our ears with the cotton provided by the Italian Air Express, thriftily hoarding the fat roll that Mrs. Peirce had providently brought for our personal use, and then after a prolonged darting through the bay we finally rose smoothly and firmly into the air. For some time, though the engines were thumping with deafening rhythm, there was no sensation of motion, and Mrs. Peirce continually communicated—in writing, of course

(Continued on page two)

CLEVELAND ORCHESTRA TO GIVE SYMPHONY

Claire Dux and Vladimir Horowitz
Also To Recite In Mt.
Vernon

The Community Music Club of Mt. Vernon is presenting this winter an excellent series of concerts by famous musicians.

The Cleveland Orchestra, conducted by Nikolai Sokoloff, will present a concert on Wednesday, November 20, while it is in its twelfth season of highly successful tours. During all this time, Sokoloff has been the Conductor, a fact which in itself speaks very well for him. The pro-

(Continued on page three)

LIFE OF CHRISTOPHER KENYON IS REVIEWED

Visits College As Boy; Becomes "Mascot"

Christopher Edward Kenyon, who was born on the 27th of April, 1906, was the third and youngest son of Major General and Mrs. Lionel R. Kenyon. Major General Kenyon was sent to America in 1916 to take charge of the inspection of all war munitions which at the time were being made in America for the British government. Mrs. Kenyon joined him in the end of 1917 and in August 1918 General Kenyon, having had to go over to England on duty for a few weeks, brought Christopher back to America with him. Christopher was just twelve years old and went to Mr. Tabor's "St. Bernards" school in New York. He was treated with the greatest kindness and hospitality by scores of American friends of his own and of his parents in New York and elsewhere and enjoyed his time there immensely. He was very pleased by being elected, as a special favor, to the Knickerbocker Greys in New York and was very proud of his drill and of his uniform which he carefully preserved.

In 1919, Major General L. R. Kenyon was honored by the award of Honorary LL. D. at Kenyon College and Mrs. Kenyon and Christopher accompanied him to Gambier to take part in the Ceremony there. Christopher had the "time of his life" there, being carried off at once by a number of the "College boys" and well looked after by them. Among other presents received from them, he treasured a bundle of flags with names of Colleges, and towns in America, and the flag of Kenyon he kept hung up in his room at home. Although a child at the time of his visit, he was very brilliant and

(Continued on page two)

RECORD TURNOUT AT CINCINNATI BANQUET

Football Team Given A
Rousing Welcome

A record-breaking turnout featured the dinner tendered by the Kenyon Alumni Association of Cincinnati to the football team the night after the game in that city, October 12. Eighty-eight sons of the college gathered at the University Club, Fourth and Broadway, eclipsing by three the mark set after the famous Kenyon team of 1908 crushed Cincinnati by the score of 65 to 0.

President Peirce and a number of the undergraduates accompanied Athletic Director Rudy Kutler and his squad to the Queen City, but they were not the sole factor in breaking the attendance record of the alumni organization. The "old grads" in Cincinnati had been working strenuously for weeks to make

(Continued on page three)

FALL HOP ATTRACTS RETURNING ALUMNI

Two Orchestras Play For
Large Home Coming
Crowd

Dancing to the rhythmic tunes of the Leviathan Dance Orchestra nearly three hundred couples celebrated the opening function of the annual Homecoming, Friday evening, November 1. The usual rain failed to dampen the spirits of the guests and until the early hours of the morning the merry-makers lingered in the shelter of beautiful Peirce Hall. Never, in past years, has a Fall Dance been so well attended and so greatly enjoyed as that of a few weeks past. The Great Dining Hall ablaze with lights, warmed by the brilliant hues of gorgeous evening gowns, formed an unusual setting for such an event.

The dance of the following night was no less enjoyed by the celebrants of the afternoon's football victory. The second party, usually a drab affair, surpassed, if possible, the one of the preceding evening.

The guests of Delta Kappa Epsilon were:

Jayne Sullivan
Babe Conover
Billie Tappin
Nancy Powell
Mary McClarty
Jane Kessel
Marian Bates
Alpha Delta Phi entertained:
Jean Roberts
Mary Jo Kegan
Mary Jane Rutherford
Given Crumb
Polly Bouny
Dorothy Henning
Shirley Olmstead
Betty Lybarger
Psi Upsilon had as guests:
Suzanne Bradley
Adelle Templeton
Ann Wood
Ann Kirkby
Mary Jordon
Alice White
Frances Robinson
Laura Lee Wilson
Frances Wright
Janet Fate
Helene Reynolds

(Continued on page three)

DR. REEVES STRICKEN BY SUDDEN ILLNESS

English Department Head Now
Recovering

On Monday, November 3, the members of the student body were sincerely concerned when hearing of the sudden illness of Dr. Reeves, the attack being a violent stomach disorder with which he was stricken during morning class. Dr. Reeves' condition seemed serious, and he was rushed to a Mt. Vernon hospital, where it was found that the case was not an alarming one. At the time of writing, Dr. Reeves is progressing rapidly and is nearly his enthusiastic self again; but it will be probably two weeks until he will be able to return to Gambier.

MAUVE MASTERS

(Continued from page one)

on the field than to any effective attack on the part of the visitors. Their first score came as the result of a singularly priceless bit of carelessness, and was almost an exact duplicate of the play by which Kenyon defeated Marietta in 1927. With the ball in the Mauve's possession on their own 15 yard line, a short pass over the scrimmage was intercepted and returned to Kenyon's one yard marker. Two bucks and the ball was over. This was in the first period.

Again in the final quarter Marietta, aided by poor tackling and a 25 yard penalty, received the oval on the Kenyon yard line and bucked it across. Heads-up football would have prevented both these scores.

Kenyon's attack was at all times powerful enough to be threatening. It began to function with the opening kick-off and continued throughout the game. Three-fourths of the play was in Marietta territory.

With less than two minutes to play in the first period Kenyon scored a touchdown. After two line plays had been fouled in the mud, Kenyon resorted to passes. Three of these carried the ball over from the center of the field, the last being from Stock to Swanson. Stock kicked the extra point.

Stock's ability to pass and run in the heavy mud proved to be Marietta's undoing. This versatile young man counted Kenyon's next touchdown himself in the second period, dashing off tackle for 40 yards and kicking the extra point. Kenyon led at the half 14-6.

During these two periods Kenyon's powerful running attack showed to great advantage. Marietta, fearing forward passes, left itself open to Sammon's brilliant end running and the powerful thrusts of Herron and Stock. Kenyon gained ground almost at will, and only repeated penalties held them in check.

At the opening of the second half, Marietta, which had thus far done nothing but punt, opened up. With Northup and Ferran carrying the brunt of the attack, they marched several times deep into Kenyon territory, only to be stopped dead on each occasion.

Kenyon's scoring machine once more roared into action shortly after the opening of the third quarter. Taking the ball on downs, the Purple pounded their way to the Marietta 15 yard line, where Sammon flipped a pass to Stock for a touchdown. In this march Herron's terrific line smashing played a banner role. The fullback ripped off five to ten yards at each attempt.

The final period was given over to Marietta's last splurge and a belated rush by the Mauve. Several accurate passes from Weber to Northup and the latter's off tackle smashes carried the ball back to Kenyon's ten yard line. Here the Mauve held for downs and punted out of danger, only to have a 25 yard penalty return the ball to the yard line. Two thrusts failed but a third was successful. Late in the fourth quarter Kenyon once more began a spirited march. With Hall, Edgar, and Stock cracking through the line a score seemed certain. The timekeeper's gun halted it on Marietta's 25 yard strip.

No account of this game would be complete without special mention of halfback Stock. He has played consistently fine football all year, but on this occasion he outdid himself. His passing was deadly and sure, his line smashing equally spectacular, while on defense he proved the proverbial stone wall. It was certainly "Dud" Stock's day.

Marty Sammon, while scoring no points, once again exhibited his superlative open-field running. He made several 30 yard dashes around end and returned punts for an average of 37 yards. Herron and McElroy also performed creditably. The former's average in pounding the line was around 7½ yards, while McElroy's handling of the team, with two notable exceptions, was far superior to any shown by Kenyon this season. The Mauve forward wall repeatedly opened wide holes for its backs, and in this respect as well as on defense Captain Hulman's efforts were, as usual, outstanding.

Marietta's success was due principally to Captain Richards at center and Ferran and Northup in the backfield. The latter two operated at high speed during their team's short but snappy attack and certainly deserve more than passing praise. Repeated fumbles and poor punting hindered their efforts to provide Marietta scores. Richards' passing was exceptional.

DR. PEIRCE'S COLUMN

(Continued from page one)

—her fear that we were not advancing.

Though our progress was generally very smooth there were occasional drops, and these were subversive to the gastric equilibrium of the low-class Italian, who looked as though he might have breakfasted on dainties like goat's milk cheese and dumplings with garlic, and he presently mounted upon one of the steps of our little stairway, pulled down a shutter which was the inscription "Sacchetti per indisposizione," relieved his agonies in one of the sacchetti, threw it down the chute, and staggered back wan and weak to his place, which fortunately was behind ours.

Forgetting him, we gazed down upon the Attic coast, and the ruins of the temple of Poseidon, which was the first glimpse of home to the Athenian mariner as he rounded Cape Sunium, and the plain of Marathon with the mound that marks the resting-place of Callimachus and the immortal Athenians who died for Greece and Europe.

Over Euboea we flew, and past the barren Greek islands, spread below us like a map. As we approached Lemnos, barrenest and baldest of them all, it was apparent that we were descending—for a landing, does one say of a hydroplane? Then Mrs. Peirce was convinced that her theory was correct and that the engines had really gone wrong, but presently little boats came out and fed us gasoline, and we rose again. It was entertaining to descend from the clouds precisely at Lemnos, for

that is where Vulcan struck and lamed himself, when he was hurled from Olympus.

(To be continued)

HOME COMING DRAWS

(Continued from page one)

Don Smith, '16, Cleveland, O.
W. Hamilton, '27, Columbus.
W. Hine, '28, Zanesville, O.
J. Mulvey, '29, Zanesville, O.
Earle Wilson, Marion.
S. Hunsicher, Akron, O.
Edgar Moeser, '06, Glendale, O.
J. E. Good, '85, Akron, O.
Lane Barton, '22, Newark, O.
Edgar Martin, '96, Norwalk, O.
Thomas Bissel, '28, Massillon, O.
Leonard Dodge, '29, Cleveland, O.
John Ingraham, ex-'30, Trenton.
Arthur Brown, '06, Cincinnati, O.
Edward Stansfield, '26, Akron, O.
Joe Mell, '25, Akron, O.

LIFE OF CHRIS

(Continued from page one)

in every way a real boy. He was greatly liked by the men on the Hill and when he left for England his absence as the College Mascot was keenly felt.

Christopher returned to England with his parents in April 1921 and went to Wellington College, one of the principal of the great "Public Schools" of England. In 1924, he passed into the Royal Military College at Sandhurst and early in 1926 was given a Commission as Lieutenant in the King's Shropshire Light Infantry, Shropshire being the county with which the Kenyon family has long been connected. He was part of the British Army of Occupation. They returned to England in 1928 and were stationed at Aldershot. Early in May, 1929, he was on the march with his men when taken suddenly ill. He was taken into the Military Hospital at Tidworth on Salisbury Plain, but pleurisy and pneumonia supervened and he passed away, in the presence of his parents, on the 22nd of May.

Christopher Kenyon had two elder brothers, both also in the British Army, Anthony being a Captain and Frederick being a Lieutenant in the Royal Engineers, both stationed in India at present. Christopher's was a very loving, cheery, bright disposition and his loss is a very severe blow to his parents and his brothers. He was much liked by his brother officers many of whom attended the Military funeral which was given him in the little Suffolk village where his parents now live.

To the end, Christopher retained most pleasant recollections of his visit to America.

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ALUMNI

Douglas Meldrum, '18, has been transferred from the San Francisco office of N. W. Ayer & Co. to their London office.

The Hon. James Denton Hancock of the Class of 1859 died Oct. 12, 1929.

Robert E. Baxter, '29, has become associated with The Bystander Magazine of Cleveland.

Joseph Walter Scherr, Jr., '29, is in New York City, having accepted a position with The Weekly Underwriter.

Buchell Rowe, '27, has been transferred to the New York office of Procter and Gamble.

Grove Daniel Curtis, '30, died September 30, 1929.

Daniel M. Braddock, '26, has been transferred from Washington to the American Consulate, Sumatra. He was formerly attached to the Department of Foreign Service at Washington.

Ralph B. Seitz of Sandusky, a graduate of Kenyon College, has entered the School of Medicine of Western Reserve University, Cleveland as a freshman this year. The School of Medicine is a unit of the \$30,000,000 medical center which Western Reserve University will complete during the year.

Ralph K. Updegraff of Cleveland is also a member of the class. He was accepted as a Senior in Absentia from Kenyon. Upon completion of this year's work at Reserve, he will receive his degree from Kenyon in June.

MAURY FEATURES
PHILA. DINNERLocal Alumni Praise Team
After Haverford Game

The Philadelphia Alumni Association, following the precedent established by the Cleveland and Cincinnati Alumni Associations, treated Kenyon's football team to a dinner that has been the talk of the entire squad since their return from Haverford.

"Mat" Maury, '04, acting as toastmaster congratulated the team upon their showing against a much heavier opponent. He voiced the opinion of Kenyon alumni who had witnessed the game, declaring them to be fully satisfied with such a scrappy, spirited team.

Doctor Peirce said, "The fighting spirit of the football team evidences the unity of interest on the Hill. Gambler is a deserted village since the advent of the new Commons which has helped to produce the finest and most harmonious spirit that Kenyon has ever enjoyed."

Coach Kutler explained the use of the slogan, "let's Go," that has been the subject of much discussion. It has a threefold purpose. First, as timing for the shift; second, as a starting signal; third, because of the psychology involved. "Let's Go," has been adopted as a team motto. He mentioned the desirability of playing colleges such as Haverford, and requested the support of the alumni in procuring future contests in the east.

Bob Weaver travelled all the way from Cleveland to see the game. He spoke for the Alumni Council, pointing out the support athletics have received. Coaches Kutler and Evans were sent to two coaching schools this summer at the expense of the Alumni Council.

"Bugs" Walton, as the disrespectful alumni term him, added a few congratulatory remarks to the coaching staff of the team.

Captain "Brute" Hulman, expressed

ed the pleasure of his teammates for the palatable viands furnished them. He diplomatically declared "It is a pleasure to eat with such splendid alumni." This unexpected remark utterly destroyed the morale of the diners.

Among the younger alumni who attended the banquet were, Robert Arndt, '28; Charles Riefschneider, '29; Clayton Van Epps, '26; and Burchell Rowe, '26.

SENIOR DANCE

(Continued from page one)

Helen Speer
Desmond O'Donohue
Virginia Sullivan
Esther Taylor
Anne Fenton
Jane Allen
Marjory Kunz
Louise Magruder
Ethel Hustleman
Beta Theta Pi entertained:
Miriam Dulling
Margaret Dix
Marian Bates
Laura Lee Wilson
Mary Alice Moore
Ann Othwaite
Mary Bell Tootle
Ellen Nolan
Jean Polski
Dona Jones
Claire Coffin Stansfield
Leona Manton
Katherine Hall
The guests of Delta Tau Delta were:

Helen Kamaramy
Joan Adams
Alice Wade
Betty Miller
Celeste Hickox
Sigma Pi entertained:
Grace Hentsche
Madeline Sharpe
Eleanor Crispin
Helen Ensminger
Jean Mary Waggin
Mary Louise Lynch
Eleanor Walters
Clara Virginia Nichols
Those entertained by Zeta Alpha:
Jessie Rush
Emily Bayliss
The guests of the Sterling Club were:

Catherine Henderson
Katherine Wickersham
Margaret Wallace
Carolyn Peck
Alice Murray
Ruby Lorden
Helen Shannon
Bernice Shannon.

STAFF MEMBER SPOTS

NAMES OF GAY DOGS!

You Just Can't Stop These
Kenyon Men!

There is nothing so helpful as a fine sense of humor. "The saving grace" it is called, and justly so. Therefore it is with extreme pleasure that we pass on to the students of the College a paragraph or two gleaned from the "Haverford News." It is typically Kenyon in tune and spirit.

Their paragrapher says: "We spent an enjoyable half hour the other day looking over the Register in the Union. According to that book everyone from Richard Dix of Hollywood, introduced by "Mrs. Patterson," to Al Capone, of Chicago, has visited Haverford in the last year.

"The name of Boyce Elliott, of Shanghai, who was introduced by the W. C. T. U., appears next to that of Herbert Nichols, of Rome, introduced by the S. P. C. A.—and so on down the page"

Now, isn't that just too sweet?

CINCI BANQUET

(Continued from page one)

the best possible showing when the team arrived, and their efforts were rewarded by a strong contingent in the Kenyon section of Nippert Stadium as well as at the University Club four hours later. Several of the most regular of the alumni were unable to attend, on account of illness, among them being Kenyon's senior alumnus, the venerable James Norris Gamble, of the class of '54; the college's junior trustee, the Rev. Albert N. Slayton, '96, and "Art" Lamon, '06.

But all of the others who could possibly get there were on hand, a trifle hoarse in many cases, because an afternoon of shouting in a rain never mellowed a vocal cord. Even though the rawness of throats diminished the volume of singing, the fervor was undimmed.

Another feature of the gathering was the remarkable number of alumni who had traversed considerable distance to attend the game and dinner. While the Cincinnati organization invites to its semi-annual dinners all sons of Kenyon residing within fifty miles of that city, the turnout usually finds "Johnny" Anger, '21, holding the record. He always manages to get there from his home at Trenton, some forty miles away. But at the dinner October 12, there were alumni from points as distant as Pittsburg, Cleveland, Toledo, Bellaire, and Louisville.

Several men who never attended Kenyon were guests of alumni. Among them were John W. Herron, a Yale man, and Theodore Rosenthal, a graduate of Cincinnati University. And of course there was the irrepressible Clarence ("Pop") Pumphrey, Buchtel, '74, who long has been a faithful honorary member of the Cincinnati organization.

The following were present:

CLEVELAND ORCHESTRA

(Continued from page one)

gram is expected to be exclusively one of symphonic numbers.

Claire Dux, soprano, will be presented on Tuesday evening, December 17. Miss Dux has for the past several years been in retirement from her professional career, but for this season, she has consented to give a limited number of recitals. Miss Dux has had a musical career well in accord with her cosmopolitan experience in European opera companies. At one time, Miss Dux sang opposite Caruso in an opera in Berlin. Her successes in America have been phenomenal, both with the Chicago Civic Opera Company, and on the recital stage.

Vladimir Horowitz, pianist, of international repute, is the third artist, who will appear Monday evening, February 3. Horowitz first appeared in America early in 1928, in New York. Both there and in Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and other American cities, he has received a welcome comparable to those of Heifetz and Gail-Curci. He is at present one of the most sensational pianists available in this country, and it is very fortunate indeed that the Mt. Vernon Community Music Club was able to obtain a contract with him. Other pianists were under consideration, but the officials of the Music Club felt that Horowitz was their best choice.

All considered, these concerts are quite remarkable for their worth; the members of the Mt. Vernon Community Music Club and all its sponsors deserve a great deal of credit for having arranged so very satisfactory a series.

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IN APOLOGY

In the rush and confusion which inevitably accompanies the opening of College the Collegian staff was guilty of a number of omissions. As a result our first issue appeared without any account of the newcomers to the Kenyon faculty and coaching staff. Faulty staff work, however, and not official oversight was responsible for our seeming indifference to the arrival of Messrs. Keller, McGowan, and Maloney. This is rather late to be welcoming them, but we do so whole heartedly.

Another omission was made in compiling the names of the newly elected officers of the Senior class. Only the editor's abysmal ignorance of the existence of the vice president's office can account for the exclusion of Mr. Bruce Mansfield's name.

THE FALL FANDANGO

The Class of 1930's final terpsichorean fling, the Fall Dance, is over. From all sides come reports concerning its signal success, the composite opinion being that it was a "wow." It was. The entire week end of festivities was celebrated in a driving rain, thereby continuing an old Kenyon tradition and enhancing Bishop Chase's reputation as a good mudder. Despite gloomy surroundings everything, including the football game, was concluded without a slip.

The football team, having been tucked away in a Mount Vernon hotel during the Friday night and Saturday morning whoop-la, was for once able to do itself justice and wiped up a muddy field with its opponents, Marietta. The Home Coming game, then, aside from giving a lot of alumni a chance to act silly, provided an impetus which carried the spirit of revelry well over into Sunday evening. It was all very grand and glorious.

Music both evenings was excellent, the crowd unusually cheerful, and the local constabulary exceptionally spry.

BY THE QUEEN'S ORDERS, GENTLEMEN

The College Commons authorities if it is any consolation to them, have won a signal victory in their latest attempt to assert their importance in college life. Unfortunately, it has been won at the cost of undergraduate esteem, without which no purveyors of food can hope to lead an entirely tranquil and uneventful life. The battle itself was short and snappy. The Word went out, was greeted with extreme displeasure, and finally conquered.

The Bull to which we refer is that amazing command from headquarters which forbids use of the south door of Peirce Hall, except on rare occasions. This exceptionally choice

bit of short sightedness comes rather as a shock to those of us who had hoped for better things under a new regime. In fact, all things considered, it was most unexpected. The Commons on the whole has been proving a great boon to suffering humanity. The Commons Shop was contenting itself with the customary 300% profit, George Evans had only once tried to pass off pork as chicken salad, and the food in the dining hall was showing marked improvement. So, this sudden opposition to all comfort, convenience, and good will of the student body was incomprehensible.

As a jolly old example of the assertion of petty authority it takes all prizes, while the alibi presented for upholding it steps boldly into the realm of the ludicrous. It is undignified to use the back entrance to Peirce Hall, except on Sunday mornings. Just why it is not undignified on Sunday mornings, of course has not been explained. Thus in their efforts to raise the general moral standards of Kenyon College the Commons people have refused to take into consideration the inconvenience to which they have put the only ones the rule will affect: the students.

It is a silly rule, and one which only a show of coercion can possibly enforce. We venture to say however, that the first time President Peirce or Dr. Allen has to walk all the way from Old Kenyon to Peirce Hall in two feet of snow, slush, rain, and lovely Gambier mud, only to find he has an additional city block to traverse before entering the building, this "I-guess-I'm boss" attitude will break into very small bits.

In the meantime the people responsible for this sort of thing will probably go right on making fools of themselves.

SNOOBOBERY

On another part of this page there appears an article which, like confession, should be good for the soul of Kenyon men. It is printed, not because the editor agrees with its sentiments—his opinion is divided in this case—but because it is an expression from an hitherto undeveloped source. In past years Collegian editorial comment has been either the opinion of the student body as expressed through the editor or, as in most cases, the opinion of that individual himself. Comment from outside sources has seldom been solicited and even more rarely printed. The author of this article is a member of the Collegian staff who apparently has developed a marked ability in invective. For the good of the above mentioned souls we hope he continues his bent.

The article itself is an attack on "snobbery" and its companion ills. A "snob" is a boob who has become a snob. While Kenyon is no more guilty of housing these creatures than any other college, ridding the Hill of them should prove a delightful if stupendous task. The Collegian is perfectly willing they play the role of Pied Piper.

INTRA MURAL BRIDGE TOURNAMENT

With the publication of this issue the newest of Kenyon's various forms of modified murder will have made its second annual appearance. We refer to intra-mural bridge. Intra-mural bridge, one of Mr. Kutler's brain children, made its debut last year amid the cacklings of undergraduate skeptics and pooh-poohers. After a brilliant start it dwindled alarmingly fast, until at the end of the year it was taking three and four weeks to play off a three rubber match. This, however, was more the fault of the system than of the dogged Mr. Kutler's

protege. In any event, it has persevered to be with us once more.

This year, with some slight but important alterations intra-mural bridge pops into the spotlight at a most opportune time. Nothing could be more conducive to an evening of bridge, even the terrible sort played in intra-mural bridge matches, than Gambier's delightful and enervating winter weather. Thanks to this defect in Kenyon's geographical situation, the social amenities may be satisfied without undue pain to the participants. And unless there is a recurrence of the usual dirty work when dealing and bidding, intra-mural bridge should result in many an hilarious hour. Even so, it certainly will provide ample opportunity for fulfilling its purpose, which is to permit the players to gain an accurate insight into human nature.

MR. KUTLER BREAKS DOWN

Mr. Rudolph Kutler, Director of Athletics and arch-enemy of the Collegian, broke down the other day and admitted he had turned author. Of course, no one would believe him, so Mr. Kutler handed in a page of manuscript full of similes and metaphors and parts of speech. Naturally, Mr. Kutler's subject was football, and just as naturally we print it among the football items on the back page. Mr. Kutler is very much a football enthusiast and his article shows it. He has not taken time to delve very deeply into the matter in this article, and he has carefully omitted a number of unfavorable arguments but on the whole it is an interesting paper, and both the friends and foes of college football should read it.

One thing we will say for Mr. Kutler; he's better than Eddie Guest.

ABOUT SOME QUAIN OLD KENYON CUSTOMS

Another collegiate year has begun at Kenyon. Returning students shake hands and slap backs heartily, and extend greetings with an effusiveness and joviality that approaches a true state of brotherly love. To the casual observer it is self evident that the familiarity which a student enjoys here cannot help but create a bond of fellowship that is apparently indissoluble. Unfortunately, such is not the case, and a more critical upper-class man who has dwelt amongst the traditions and familiarity existent here discovers within himself a cynicism that is due to many cumulative causes and observations.

It is amusing to know from past experience that within a few weeks the glad-handing and back-slapping will have been sacrificed for that special pose that a certain type feels their dignity requires. This attitude is not affected by the entire student body, but is restricted to a few, a group of blasé sophisticates. This posture has its effect upon social relations, hindering a free and casual fellowship throughout the college.

One is always delighted to renew old acquaintances, and much of the over-enthusiastic welcoming of the first few days of college can be attributed to a feeling of genuine pleasure. No one but a Rotarian, a Kiwanian, or an Elk would continue to greet friends in such a manner, but the contrast in demeanor from the opening of college is so sharp that it forces itself upon us for criticism.

Kenyon has the reputation of being "the Princeton (or Williams) of the West." These old colleges, rich in traditions, have an under-graduate and alumni personnel that includes the so-called aristocracy of America. The pseudo-sophisticated Kenyonite feels that he belongs to

PHILANDERINGS

An account, appearing in the college organ, of a faculty revel held at Kent State describes with no small amount of humor the more frivolous moments of the local pedagogues. These worthies, it appears, after an hour or so of dabbling in a tea cup and patting their hands together at some especially soulful piano selection, suddenly broke into a riot of exuberance. This may go at Kent State, but it's unlikely to find favor at Kenyon.

Without the slightest intention of being impertinent, we cannot visualize Prof. Radford or Prof. Manning sprinting down the main aisle of the dining hall balancing peanuts on their noses.

Or Mr. Ashford "spinning the plate."

Or President Peirce and Dr. Allen bobbing for apples.

We venture to say that freshman Overbeck, after leading that cheer at the Kent State game, was willing to die for dear old St. John's.

Dr. Lord is proud, and justly so, of a marvelous and intricate system for measuring the intelligence, if any, of the incoming classes at Kenyon. Having been spared this indignity ourselves our freshman year, we are not fully aware of all the advantages of this system. Nevertheless, purely in the interests of psychology and science, we propose the following test, compiled by H. I. Phillips:

- (1) Did you ever have any uncles who cut themselves while shaving?
- (2) Is your father satisfied with his bridge game?
- (3) Are you irresolute when faced with the opportunity to grab the brass ring on merry-go-rounds?
- (4) How is your aunt Minnie?
- (5) Did any female members of your family ever stop to talk to and feed cookies to horses on the city streets?
- (6) Do you pull the sheets over your head when you hear the floor creak in the middle of the night?
- (7) Do any members of your family talk baby talk?
- (8) Were any of your ancestors addicted to:
 - (a) Side-whiskers?
 - (b) Croquet?
 - (c) Zithers?
 - (d) Dotted nightgowns?
- (9) Do you open your own soft boiled eggs in a public dining room?
- (10) Did you ever experience a complete loss of character?
- (11) Are you timid in the presence of dentists?
- (12) Are any members of your family, now living, still addicted to the high-wheel bicycle craze?
- (13) On which side did your great-grandmother sleep?
- (14) How do you like your minute steak?
- (15) Have there ever been any rickets, gas-meter inspectors, delirium tremens, stamp-collectors, hay-meyer, or dog-shows judges in your family?
- (16) In sighting a rifle do you squint with the left eye or the right?
- (17) Have you at any time in your life had to put your pants on over your head?
- (18) What are your reactions when you are necking on a yacht club veranda and someone fires the sunset gun?
- (19) Do you blush when abused by traffic policemen?
- (20) Have either of your parents ever written letters to the newspapers "Pro Bono Publico?"
- (21) Do you care for soda, fire, or animal crackers?
- (22) Have you any uncles named Otis, Godfrey, or Chester, and did they raise mushrooms to earn money at home?

One of the best ways we know of gaining the undivided cooperation of a group of college students is to accuse them of selfishness, ignorance, and mental debility. This being the case, the authorities at "Trainer Hall" might well consider themselves a howling success.

It just couldn't go on; it was inhuman, cruel, and unusual, this lack of mashed potatoes. And so when the first dish made its appearance on the evening of October 23, more than one grateful diner rose on his hind legs and cheered and cheered and cheered.

The Parson's latest: "I have discovered the first mention of a necking party. In the Bible it says 'Solomon fed Sheba on wine and necter.' There ought to be a law - - -"

this elite body. His only claim to membership is a snobbish air. Such men are far in the minority, but they contribute to an artificial atmosphere.

As is natural in most colleges, fraternity men feel themselves far superior to those not enjoying membership in a Greek-letter club. This superiority has taken such a hold on several of the fraternities on the campus that they order their freshmen not to associate with non-fraternity men. This is the height of snobbery, and non-fraternity men are fully aware of it. Along with this petty situation the infliction of freshman discipline has been unusually severe. This custom retards and warps the development of the entering man, creating in him a feeling of inferiority, and makes fertile soil for upper class-men to sow their preconceived ideas and prejudices.

A select few have the notion that it is boorish to indulge in athletics, and sneer at the efforts of our athletes. They are members of our "ultra ultra."

The new Commons, intended to promote fellowship and to center the interests of the students around college life as a furtherance of the policy of Kenyon's founders who

saw the advantage of the dormitory system, has succeeded in defeating its own purpose. At the tables one sees the various cliques gathered together. This has been made possible by the permanent seating arrangement, a brain-child of the mistress of dilettantes who has been striving to conform the College to her feminine point of view.

Fortunately, we have a good football team this year. The student interest, at one point, at least, has this in common.

For the past few years the trend has been away from freshman persecution, a wise move whether consciously or no. The average freshman is usually quite a docile creature anyway. It is merely a reflection of the desire for recognized superiority that prompts puerile sophomores to make the life of freshmen so full of woe.

After presenting an unnecessary condition, the critic is expected to furnish some remedy. In this instance one can not be offered. It is beyond the author's ability. Human nature is more or less constant. Perhaps the solons who select the prospective Kenyon man will devise a method whereby only intelligent, mature high school graduates will be admitted.

FAY LECTURE

(Continued from page one)

the person himself. Writing is a superb form of expression of ideas and facts in our Western civilization. There is no doubt as to the fact that writing has a great psychological effect in our Western civilization.

There are two great forms of writing. One form is the tendency to express ideas publicly, which stimulates group spirit. The other is the tendency of literature to give vent to spontaneous genius. The great poets of the world are an example of this form.

The middle of the 16th century marked a period in which the poet found it necessary to protect himself from the crowd. He enjoyed no friendship with the public. Today, literature is a world group composed of "professional ladies," who want to entertain poets in their drawing-rooms, but who have not the vaguest idea of what the poet thinks or says. The other group is made up of radicalists who want to capitalize modern poetry and spread it among the masses.

The invention of printing has been responsible for a much larger and broader reading public. It has created a huge gap between the writer and the public. The author feels this pressure very distinctly when he finds it necessary to live from the proceeds of his book sales. Today, the author does not know his public. Such agencies as the Book-of-the-Month Club make the public absorb; they won't let the author be personal; he must be abstract. This type of agency prepares the people and the author must cater to the type of literature that the people have been prepared for.

In the 19th century, the book has become an economic purchase; it must satisfy a great world. Books are taken over so lightly in modern times. The hurry and bustle of this highly advanced civilization of ours has absorbed the time formerly spent in intellectual thinking and study. The modern book must be cleverly written and easy to read. It must not contain anything that will cause the reader to think deeply, nor dare it tax his intellectual powers. These things handicap the modern author, and force him to think of his work in an economic rather than in an intellectual light.

There are three distinct types of modern literature. First, the serious biographies that reach only a very narrow, intelligent public. The second type is that which deals with the authentic and accurate details of history. This type, also, has a very limited reading public. The third type is that in which personal ideas are expressed; detail is lacking; and the facts are inaccurate. This is the kind of literature that enjoys widespread sales today. All this did not exist in the 18th century. Commercial production is the basis of modern literature. There is ever-present admiration for the modern writer who caters to the public. However, in the literary world, he must take the role of a man who has sold his soul. In New York; in Paris; in London; there is a huge premium awaiting the man who can write brilliantly in the modernistic style.

There are three types of modern writers, who have both friends and enemies. They remain true to their friends and hostile to their enemies. For the first example, let us take Paul Valéry, the great French poet. At first, he found poetry uninteresting, and entered the field of business. Becoming bored, he again took up poetry; this time for the sole purpose of building up his poetic

genius, and not to please the public. He spent fifteen years mastering the logic of mathematics, verse, and philosophy. He wanted to write poems that contained these three types of logic; he wanted something new and original that found its source in the depths of his own brain. His poems enjoyed great success until he took it upon himself to explain them; then they became complex and unpopular with the masses.

A second example is Miss Gertrude Stein, a celebrated authoress. She began by writing a book—an emotional story of womanhood. Her charm was in taking life as waves of humanity. With an exquisite taste of expression, she pays no attention to detail.

The third example is that of Esmond Cummings, the famous Ameri-

can writer. He had the great honor of being in the French army at the age of eighteen and in the French jail at nineteen. Returning to Harvard, he got drunk and became a famous poet. Cummings' style is neither sentimental nor intellectual. He is the nervous type that fills his poems with painful, exquisite sufferings. His bits of intense feeling have no common ground with everyday people. His charm lies in his ability to express intense feeling in a very few words, although his work does not possess the musical charm of Gertrude Stein's work.

These three types are found everywhere. Any effort to explain them logically is bound to be futile. The old literature was enjoyed from a sentimental and sensible point of view. Modern literature is enjoyed in the light of momentary pleas-

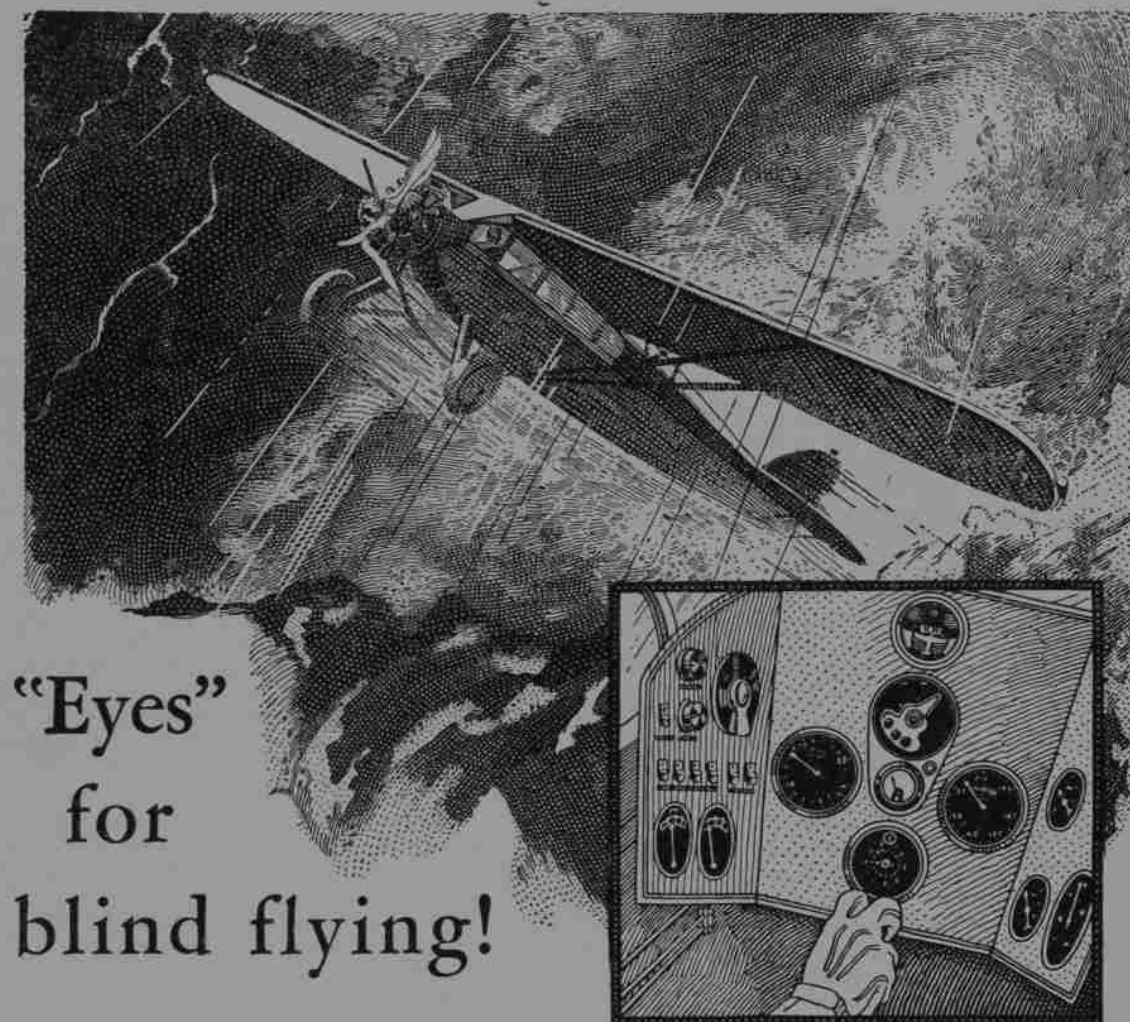
ure, without delving into authentic history or facts; no clear, analytical ideas are derived from modern literature. Present-day literature depicts the joys and sorrows of the middle classes, although a few writers like Valéry still remain, who write with the courage of their own convictions.

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BEXLEY NOTES

Bexley Hall has been very fortunate in having had lectures this fall by the Bishops of Ohio and of Southern Ohio. Bishop Leonard, Ohio, gave his regular courses of lectures to the Seniors on practical Pastoral Theology, and to the Juniors on the Book of Acts. Bishop Vincent, retired Bishop of Southern Ohio, presented a series of lectures upon the reading of the services in the Book of Common Prayer.

At the meeting of the House of Bishops at Atlantic City at the very beginning of October, Bishop Vincent presented his resignation as Bishop of Southern Ohio, because of his ill health. At the same time, Bishop Harris, of Marquette, presented his resignation, also because of ill health. Both resignations were accepted. On the day after the acceptance of these two resignations, The Rt. Rev. John Gardner Murray, Presiding Bishop of the United States, died very suddenly while in the midst of a meeting of the House of Bishops. Had Bishop Vincent not resigned, he would automatically have become temporary Presiding Bishop, because of his having the distinction of being the American Bishop who is oldest in point of consecration, not only in the United States, but in the entire Anglican Communion. Bishop Leonard is now the oldest active Bishop; he became acting Presiding Bishop. Bishop Leonard at once announced another meeting of the House of Bishops on November 13, at which time the new Presiding Bishop will be named. Bishop Leonard feels that the duties of that office are too strenuous for his advanced years.

On the evening of October 31, The Very Rev. Dr. Byrer, Dean of Bexley Hall, and Mrs. Byrer entertained all the students of the Seminary at their home for a Halloween party. All the Bexley Faculty and their wives, as well as The Rev. Dr. and Mrs. William F. Peirce and the Rev. and Mrs. Lewis J. Bailey were present. A splendid musical program was presented by the Bexley students; this, with games and excellent refreshments, provided a delightful evening for all those present.

On Friday, November 1, All Saints' Day, the Bexley men collaborated with the college in the Founders' Day Service in the Church of the Holy Spirit. At Evensong, in St. Mary's Chapel at Bexley Hall, President Peirce administered the oath of Matriculation to eight members of the Junior Class, admitting them to full and regular standing in the Seminary. Those who were matriculated were Francis T. Coe, G. Russell Hargate, Donald G. L. Henning, George H. Jones, Charles C. Morfit, William X. Smith, Walter F. Tuhey, and Lynny B. Wilson, Jr.

Miss Louise G. Adams, the Librarian of Colburn Library, motored to Christ Church, Dayton, on Sunday, October 27, to hear a special Devotional Service of Music. Miss Adams took with her Mrs. Barker Newhall, Luman J. Morgan, William X. Smith, Herman P. Zane, and John P. Craine. All reported that the music was excellent.

Stanley W. Plattenburg, who has had charge of the services at St. Luke's, Granville, had the misfortune to be very painfully burned about the face and head when the gas in the furnace at St. Luke's exploded just before the service on Sunday, October 27.

The Rev. Dr. George F. Smythe, acting Professor in the Department of Old Testament, was taken to the Hinde-Ball Mercy Hospital in Mt. Vernon on Wednesday, October 23. Dr. Smythe has not been well for some time, but medical treatment is improving his condition.

PROF. FAY CONDUCTS MODERN FRENCH COURSE

Twenty Men Avail Selves Of Five Week Course

Among his other activities while at Kenyon Prof. Bernard Fay found time to conduct a course in Modern French Literature, 1905 to the present day. Lecturing three hours a week, Prof. Fay was able to give a well-condensed but highly entertaining account of French literature of today, pointing out its political and social background and the influence upon it of several French periodicals. "L'Action Française" and "La Nouvelle Revue Française," as well as the communistic thought and literature of America to a considerable degree helped direct the tendencies of modern French writers and poets.

Such men as Andre Gide, Marcel Proust, Paul Valery, Paul Claudel, Charles Maurras, and Julian Green, the highlights of the past two decades, were dealt with in detail.

A group of 20 students availed themselves of the opportunity of attending these lectures as well as acquiring the one hour's credit.

DR. WATERHOUSE WRITES FOR SWANEE QUARTERLY

In the Fall Issue of the Swanee Quarterly, a periodical which can be found on the shelves in the reading room, there is a very interesting article by one of the Kenyon professors. He writes for this magazine quite frequently, does Professor Waterhouse; and for the past six or seven years, one can find his articles listed on the many covers.

For the most part they deal with subjects relevant to the French people; all that is continental in thought, customs and philosophy.

Other articles by Dr. Waterhouse have appeared in other literary publications and they are consistently clever and fascinating. And Kenyon in reading his efforts should feel quite proud: for at the end of each appears the legend:

Kenyon, Gambier, 1929.

FRIENDLY WARNING

In the December issue of the Collegian for 1928 there appeared a peculiarly fanciful "Christmas Story" by the former editor of this periodical. In presenting that sort of thing, Mr. Rose, its author, would seem to have set a precedent. In any event, it is the intention of the present incumbent to make use of that rather equivocal method of filling the columns of the Collegian. And being of a prudent nature, he intends giving fair warning.

There will be no Santa Claus in this story; there will be no cut of angels garbed in tuxedos; there will be no characters named "Benedictine" or "Martini." What we intend to foist upon our readers is an entirely revolutionary opus, something "new," a detective story. Recently, a group of gay spirits in the College, egged on by a wicked faculty member, concocted a thrilling, horrible, bloody detective tale in which the locale and characters are all typically Kenyon's. The murdered man is a Kenyon facultyite; so is the amazingly keen detective who solves the crime; so are most of the many, many suspects. And it all happened at Kenyon, under our very noses, in the very air we breathe, and despite the glorious Kenyon weather. It's that kind of a story.

When reading this thriller, Kenyonites are warned that they won't guess the guilty man until the last paragraph. It's so complicated that the authors themselves had to spend weeks trying to figure it out.

Watch for it! Wait for it! It will appear in our next issue.

MR. SIMMONS SPEAKS ON CONTINUITY OF HISTORY

And Daniel Webster Turns Over In His Grave

When Mr. Simmons is impromptu, he's impromptu. Let there be no doubt about that. No, sir! Mr. Simmons, not of the bed people, was recently called upon in one of those weekly affairs, with which Prof. Reeves tries to brighten the lives of Kenyon's seniors, to make a speech. Now, Prof. Reeves has his own ideas about speech making and one of them is that the talk should be impromptu. Those are the regulations; nothing else is barred, the bouts being carried on under the Marquis of Queensbury rules.

So Mr. Simmons rose, all aflutter, to deliver his oration. Impromptu? Oh, my, yes! He'd make it up as he went along. Why, nothing to it. Simplest thing in the world. He strode to the rostrum.

"The continuity of history . . ." began Mr. Simmons, and paused. So far so good. He tried again. "The continuity of history means . . ." Ah, that was better. It was even more impromptu. Heartened, he attacked again.

"The history of continuity . . ." means . . . the continuity of history." No, that wasn't it. That was just a bit too impromptu. Perhaps—just an idea, of course, but perhaps if he could explain just what was the continuity of history—he began anew.

"Mr. Chairman, gentlemen, the means of the continuity of history . . ." Mr. Simmons paused and looked about him. His audience, gazing with rapt attention, hung on his every word. Evidently they wanted to hear more of this subject. Thus encouraged, Mr. Simmons continued.

"I mean the history of the means of continuity is—the continuity of history is . . . means . . . the—ah . . . er . . . means . . . awkward . . . awkward." Mr. Simmons was choking. The dull red flush on his face had turned to an ugly purple. With a tremendous heave, Mr. Simmons gasped to his awe-struck hearers:

"That, gentlemen, is the continuity of history."

(Applause.)

DIOCESE OF SO. OHIO MEETS

The Diocese of Southern Ohio held a Diocesan Convention in Calvary Church, Cincinnati, on Wednesday, November 6. At this meeting, The Very Rev. Dr. Charles E. Byrer, Dean of Bexley Hall was temporary chairman. The chief business of the meeting was to name a successor to the Coadjutor of Southern Ohio, since at the resignation of Bishop Vincent, Bishop Reese automatically became Bishop. The Rev. Dr. Howard C. Robbins, Professor of Pastoral Theology at the General Theological Seminary in New York City, was elected. The nomination was presented by the Rev. Dr. Frank H. Nelson, of Christ Church, Cincinnati, who was himself the first nominee, but who withdrew his name in favor of Dr. Robbins. In addition to these nominees, the Very Rev. Dr. Charles E. Byrer, '00, Bexley, and The Rev. Bartelle H. Reinheimer, '11, Kenyon, '14, Bexley, were nominated. Both of these Bexley men hold important positions in the Diocese of Southern Ohio; the former is the Dean of Bexley Hall; the latter is Archdeacon and Executive Secretary of the Diocese. Bexley Hall was represented at the Convention by the Rev. William C. Seitz, '15 Kenyon, '17 Bexley, in addition to the Dean of Bexley Hall.

GEORGE EVANS ENTERS ACADEMY OF IMMORTALS

Excelsior! George Evans, maitre d'hotel, Captain of the Cafeteria, statesman extraordinary, Guardian of the South Portal, and Bard of the Bakery, has started on his political career. Urged on by the heartening cheers of an enthusiastic student body, George crashed the gate of Immortal Fame by rolling up the largest plurality in the history of College township and burying his opponent under an avalanche of votes.

Oldest Settlers were amazed, good burghers were startled out of their placidity, and his enemies were dumbfounded, but the loyal friends of Kenyon and Gambier knew right along that it was going to happen just that way. For days the campus vibrated with talk of the coming election, and many weeks in advance the Committee of Public Safety laid its plans. So, of course, George had to win the election.

With politics in Gambier hourly becoming more and more unsavory, with graft and dirty work honeycombing the very foundations of Justice, something drastic had to be done. All that was needed was a leader, a popular figure to catch the public's eye, a slogan. With worried looks the Committee on Public Safety cast about them for a candidate. Just one look was enough. Inevitably their eyes fell upon the graceful figure of George Evans, and another constellation was born in the heaven of politics.

In selecting this man to carry their banner against the forces of Evil, the Committee looked long and searchingly into every nook and cranny of his life, nor found him wanting. Of course, one overlooks a few unsavory episodes in the life of every great man. One must, Even the Prince of Wales has had his weak moments. So why, said the Committee, dwell upon those years when George Evans nursed nickels in the Bakery. Let the first who is without sin among us, they said, cast the first stone.

Strange to say, in this race for political life George found himself opposed to his ancient protagonist, Harry Stoye. Many a time before George Evans and Harry Stoye had crossed swords, so Our Hero knew well the mettle of his adversary. And well he might, for Harry Stoye in his moments of genius is no small opponent for any man.

But for once the redoubtable Stoye met his match. He never had a chance. Sweeping all before him, George Evans thundered down the stretch length and a half in the lead, and at the finish Harry Stoye was limping, a bad second. The results tabulated gave the winner something like 170 votes. The also ran counted but 26.

And now, with Justice, Honesty and Tolerance at the helm, George Evans' start in the realm of politics may well be called an auspicious one.

(Will someone please play the Star Spangled Banner?)

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KENYON PRODUCES A SECOND MARK HANNA

Harry Maxon, Campus Politician,
A Perfect Prototype

Marcus A. Hanna's astute maneuvers in bringing about the election of President McKinley in 1896 have long been a subject of awe and admiration. For years Juniors at Kenyon College have been taught to look upon the crafty politician as the very essence of sagacity and shrewdness. But this is no more Mark Hanna, great though he was, has met his match. And to Kenyon College, Mark Hanna's favored phrotistery, belongs the honor of producing his facsimile. He is Harry "Red" Maxon, beside whose wily machinations the deep-laid plans of Mark pale into insignificance.

Mr. Maxon progresses with all the subtlety of a Cleveland burlesque show, but he does progress. What his system lacks in profundity and depth, in delicacy and craftiness, it more than makes up in vigor and power. Mr. Maxon is no slouch, you may be sure.

Take, for example, the Senior Class elections so recently consummated. Now, no one has ever considered the election of officers of the Senior Class of much importance; no one but Mr. Maxon, that is, for he is a man of opportunity. Sensing the spot for a coup d'etat the night before elections, our Mr. Maxon journeyed hither and yon across the campus, stopping here, pausing there, where the suckers were thickest. Into all too-willing ears he poured his honeyed words, garnishing political trickery with succulent offers of offices in exchange for votes. It was insidious work, friends, insidious work. The suckers rose to the bait like trout to the fly. Mr. Maxon's "man" was elected with an overwhelming majority, and Mr. Maxon's partners received their bounty and went away rejoicing. It was Devil's work indeed.

A moral to this tale? Why, certainly. Eat your oatmeal and crispy toast of mornings, children, and you may grow up to be president of a bank, pitcher on a big league ball team, or a successful campus politician like Mr. Maxon.

And if this be treason, gentlemen, make the most of it!

REPORTER EXPLAINS MARKS ON COMMONS

Fine Italian Hand Of Workmen
Seen

7 Giallo, 11 Nierro,—7 Bianca

This is the inscription which is written in white letters on the side of Peirce Hall. These Italian words are not over the entrance to the building, nor are they written in glassy letters on any of the shiny windows. Instead, many have noticed them by the service entrance and wondered what in the world they mean. Now, did that line of faded and worn chalk marks come to be written there? What circumstances put them there?

To begin with, the letters are Italian; written, no doubt, by some Italian workman. He, one day, on the unfinished wall wrote those words as a formula, which the rest were to follow. The man was ignorant and illiterate, we are told, because the word "nierro" is low Italian when spelled with two "r"s.

And what do the words mean? They are colours; white, yellow and black. And the numerals, of course, stand for the proportion in which they are to be mixed.

We entered the service entrance and walked along the hall. The floor! The floor was composed of crushed stone; put together in a

sort of smashed mosaic; and the colours which we saw in the dim rays of the electric were, white, black, and yellow.

ELEMENTARY, WATSON, QUITE ELEMENTARY!

But Holmes Muffed One Just The Same

Disguised as Carrie Nation and bearing a bottle opener in one hand and a hatchet in the other, Kenyon's Vice Squad leader swung into action during the week end of the Senior Dance, to reach havoc and destruction among the Sinful. The assault was successful if the hostage wasn't. Bearing down on the unsuspecting inmates of West Wing with his customary noiseless glide, Our Hero literally crashed the gate. Dissatisfied with this trophy, he battered his way like Ajax of old to the third floor just in time to see the last few gallons of brew go cascading over the window sill. Meticulous search, however, disclosed one or two hidden treasures. These he confiscated, and with the scalps of the enemy hanging from his belt, evacuated the fort amid thunderous applause.

Careful analysis unfortunately disclosed the sad state of affairs in West Wing, whose sedulously hoarded liquid gold proved to assay even less than 1/2 half of one percent of the forbidden nectar.

Boys, chalk up one for the common People!

WHAT'S THIS? MUTINY, REBELLION, SEDITION?

Sage of The Bible Belt Advocates Taking Up Arms

The Rights of Man! Life, Liberty, and Pursuit of Happiness! Give me Liberty or give me Death! These and many more seditious, rebellious, but soul-inspiring phrases rang the dank autumn atmosphere as the famous Bard of the Bible Belt issued his latest communique.

Recovering with characteristic rapidity from the shock of the Harvard-Dartmouth football score, the Sage once more threw the community into an uproar with another well-timed fusillade against the forces of darkness and despotism, raking the enemy lines with barrage after barrage of withering verbal fire. The carnage was awful and the enthusiasm aroused in defense of home and fireside soon reached fever heat. Only the fortunate intervention of cooler heads prevented the complete annihilation of a demoralized enemy.

In speaking before his usual faithful gathering the Sage brought his audience cheering to its feet by advising a literal rush to arms against the defenders of the College Commons. His words, biting, scornful, but true, found a warm welcome in the hearts of the student body which has suffered meekly the childish whims of insatiable petty authority. Such was the vehemence of the assemblage that nothing was too sacred to escape vituperation. The Chapel windows, the back door of the Commons, prep school dining regulations, 40 minute sermons, Eddie Guest, religion, Freud, the aspirate "h," even Ohio State University fell before the leveling hand of aroused Public Opinion.

The powder has been ignited. Reverberations from the opening shot must have been heard 'round the Hill. The Sage has done his bit. It only remains for an awakened student body to close in on a broken and scattered enemy to clinch a victory for Democracy, Liberty, and freedom of Conscience.

What, oh, what, will the harvest be?

RUNNING FOR MAYOR AN OLD KENYON CUSTOM

Dick Harter '12, Tells How He Almost Became Mayor

The gag of the Kenyon man running for Mayor of Gambier, it seems, is an old one. It has been done time and time again with varying success, much to the discomfort of the local political combines. Politics are sacred in Knox County, and the mere suggestion of a sacrilegious Kenyon man entering the lists in a spirit of revelry is enough to make the good burghers of the community froth at the mouth. 'Twas ever thus.

Back in "the good old days" Kenyon men were doing the same sort of things. The last attempt a few years back, was to foist Don Carey upon an unsuspecting citizenry. Don continued an illustrious line of men who attempted the same stunt. One of his forerunners was Dick Harter, '12, a blithe spirit who almost won the day. Mr. Harter writes bits now for the Canton Daily News and in a recent article he describes his famous failure in attempting to win the mayoralty campaign of his day.

Here is his story in his own words: "Our political career was short lived, but while it lasted we were in the limelight to a degree far beyond our liking. Our first and last campaign was conducted in Gambier while we were a student at Kenyon College. In fact we had been on the roster of that ancient and honorable institution for so many years that one day a friend twitted us thus, "Dick, why don't you run for mayor?"

"The idea seemed novel, and not realizing the possibilities of student resourcefulness when put to the test, we replied, "We believe we shall." Had we foreseen what talent for publicity lay dormant in the undergraduate mind, our answer certainly would have been in the negative.

"The student body from that time until election under the leadership of a self appointed campaign manager, set out to make our life a burden. Dave Bowman, now a member of the editorial staff of The Cincinnati Times-Star played the role of our chief persecutor.

Everywhere we dared show our face our friends turned traitor, and attempted to force us to make speeches. Anybody who knows us is aware that public speaking is not one of our accomplishments. Our plight was one which would have aroused the pity of those less hard hearted than a group of college students.

"Who would have suspected that our candidacy would have aroused such evilly inspired interest? The campus was placarded with such slogans as, "Protect the Home and Vote for Harter." There seemed to be a certain weirdness about our seeking office which appealed to the perverted sense of humor of the student body.

We had expected a little mild chaffing from our friends. In fact that was the reason for our entering the mayoralty race. We thought it would be funny. Little did we know what the outcome would be.

Our only satisfaction in the whole affair was that one night we were successful in outwitting our tormentors. They had planned to carry us to the front of the Harcourt Place School for Girls, also situated in Gambier, where they expected to make sport of us before the eyes of the young ladies of that institution. A group of freshmen was sent to our room to carry us bodily to the scene of the anticipated torture.

As the verdent youths were bearing us toward Harcourt through the Stygian blackness of Kenyon's

classic "Middle Path"—Kenyon still has a campus free from the curse of electric lights and stadium—we profited by that very darkness. We persuaded our captors to let us advance on our own momentum. Under the cover of the shadows, we dropped behind until we were free of our body guard. We returned to our quarters and hid ourself to our downy couch. Our absence was not discovered until the party had arrived at Harcourt.

We were not elected. We did not have the endorsement of the faculty. The successful candidate was our friend Edward Gorsuch, the father of Attorney John F. Gorsuch of Canton.

In conclusion we might say that we hope that Dave Bowman learns of our exposure of his evil genius. Both candidates for Canton's mayoralty have our sincere sympathy."

WHAT PRICE COLLEGE UNITY?

In arranging a system of permanent seating in Peirce Hall, the authorities are, it seems to us, defeating the main purpose for which this building was constructed. At least, that is the first thing which occurred to the editors of the Collegian. Peirce Hall was planned and built for the purpose of enhancing social contacts between various groups on the campus. It was the intention of its donors, we are sure, to make this new building a center for all social life on the campus, and this it certainly has become. The popularity of Peirce Hall as a means of recreation for the entire college community must certainly surpass even the most sanguine estimates of its founders; already it is looked to as the one reliable source of College unity on the Hill.

For this very reason the action taken by those in command of restricting small groups of eleven men to eating all meals for the remainder of the year together is rather hard to comprehend. Of course, it is true that some students do, and always will, form themselves into what they consider a most superior group of males and eat all their meals as they do everything else; aloof and apart. It is not, however, for the benefit of this type of harmless Boobery that Peirce Hall was constructed, but for the average Kenyon man whose lack of social intercourse with his neighbor has become alarmingly apparent. Given an opportunity to correct his erring ways, this same average Kenyon man would, in the course of four years, find an entirely new and extremely necessary side of him developed. By the time the present freshman class are seniors all Kenyon men should find their natural gregarious instinct more satisfied at being a Kenyon man than at being a member of one of the Divisions on the campus. This, we presume to say, is the fond hope of those men who donated Peirce Hall to this College.

Nothing like that, of course, will ever happen if a student spends an entire college year at one table in the dining hall. The freshmen, unless otherwise directed, will naturally band together as groups from the various divisions; the upperclassmen, having formed definite likes and dislikes, will hesitate before spending nine months marooned at a table where no particularly happy feeling exists. As a result, inter-division antipathies will go on just the way they have been, and college unity at Kenyon will be just as far off as, if not farther than, it ever was.

There certainly is some solution to a matter which pertains as this does to Kenyon's hopes and ideals. If it's a simple question of napkin arrangements, let each student re-

main at the same place at one table for three days and then change. But in deference to the avowed purpose of Peirce Hall let him, by all means, make the change.

Just who is responsible for this situation frankly we do not know. If it's the Senior Council, they have certainly been guilty of a "boner"; if it's the Commons authorities, it's just "another one of those things"!

CROSS COUNTRY TEAM PERSPIRES YET LOSES

Coach Thurston Can't Get Harriers Into Stride

Lacking presentable sweat suits and running shoes as well as a background of experienced men, Kenyon has twice failed to place in competition. The first meet this year, held October 12 at Oberlin, was a straight defeat, all six of the Oberlin runners coming in ahead of the Kenyon harriers. Maurice Bell was the first Kenyon man to finish, placing seventh. Wood followed and Wayte was a close third. Satler, McNary, and Hammond finished tenth, eleventh and twelfth respectively. Both teams were handicapped by rain and consequently mud, and the Oberlin sextet had the advantage of the home course. Oberlin has exceptionally good equipment and a special coach.

An additional week of training showed a great change in Thurston's light-clads. The event was a triangular meet held October 19 at Muskingum, Kenyon, Muskingum, and Ohio University participating. Arriving too late to become familiar with the course, and barely in time to enter, Kenyon's runners managed to keep the opponents from grabbing all the points. Bell, showing considerable improvement over the preceding week, took fifth place. The Muskingum course is hilly and treacherous, resulting in several sprained ankles. Both McNary and Drake, who was running in Hammond's place, were compelled to drop behind because of foot trouble. Wayte and Wood finished eleventh and thirteenth respectively. The score was Muskingum, 23; Ohio, 39; Kenyon, 58.

The next meet will be the Big Six, and will be held November 16 at New Concord. Coach Thurston is more optimistic for the outcome of this contest and is carrying out a program of intensive training. It is also possible that there will be a fourth meet later on, although no definite plans have been made as yet.

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MAUVE RALLIES TO BEAT KENT 21-15

Return To Form In Second Half Stops Teachers

After two periods of the most miserable football ever presented on Benson Field, the Kenyon football team sprang into life the second half to thrash Kent State 21 to 15, on October 19th. It was as splendid an exhibition of reversal of form as Kenyon has ever made, and on its merits alone Kenyon's second victory of the year must stand.

Playing ball with all the fire and dash of a parchesi game conducted by mail, the Purple permitted Kent's amazed team to run up 13 points the first half, the results of one touchdown each quarter. Kenyon's defense was so ragged that the team which had scored only two points in four games collected 7 first downs the initial period and three more the second. Kenyon's attack was so inadequate that only one first down was registered by the home forces the entire first half. In addition, the Purple forward pass defense failed to materialize at all, and only inaccurate heaving prevented a flurry of Kent scores early in the afternoon.

Kent's first score came late in the first quarter, and was made on a short forward pass and even shorter run. An attempt to pass the extra point failed. The second touchdown for the visitors developed early in the second period, with a pass again playing the all-important part. The extra point was drop-kicked.

Kenyon's score, which was in the nature of a gift from Kent's left guard, occurred late in the second period. Three fifteen yard penalties for holding brought the ball to the Kent five-yard line, first down for Kenyon. When three plunges failed to gain, Chick Herbert loped nonchalantly around end for a touchdown. It was Kenyon's first indication of good football. Stock kicked the extra point.

If Kenyon was bad during the first half, and they were, they were equally good the second half. The very first play showed that something was going to happen. Sammon stepped off tackle for fifteen yards, and then repeated for ten around the other side. Marty then executed a beautiful 35 yard dash through a broken field to Kent's ten yard strip, whence he carried the ball over the goal on a pass from Stock. Dud kicked the extra point, giving Kenyon a lead it never relinquished.

During this third period Kenyon gained almost at will, making, in addition to the touchdown, seven first downs. Then, on almost the first play of the final quarter, Sammon passed ten yards to Stock, who smashed five more for a touchdown. A dropkick added the final point.

From that moment on Kenyon was unstoppable until they landed deep into Kent territory, where the visitors held for downs on three occasions. Kent's two threats in the final period netted them two points. The first march was stopped dead on Kenyon's five yard line, where four tries lost Kent as many yards. The second threat developed into a safety for Kent when Sammon fell on the ball behind his own goal after a bad pass from center.

The outstanding efforts of the backfield during the entire game, but especially in the first half when the line made almost no tackles, deserve more than passing mention. In addition, Sammon's broken-field running, Stock's usual all-around fine play, and the line-bucking of Johnny Herron was brilliant.

In the first half only the work of the second stringers on the line—

FOOTBALL VS. SCHOLARSHIP

Football, like other muchly abused and misunderstood topics, has gone through a tremendous transition. Gone are the days when all one had to have was two hundred or more pounds of beef and a chrysanthemum haircut to be a football player. Whether those giants of old deserve credit for their exploits I will not say. However, they certainly should receive credit for creating a prejudice that so many people now have and a great many more of the eligible young men resort to as an alibi.

To save this He Man game of ours, in 1904, President Roosevelt pled with a number of college presidents who met to discuss the abolition of football, to consent to the continuation of the game, provided the rules were changed. Hence came the forward pass, the end zone, restrictions removed and the push and pull eliminated. Exit beef; enter brains. No longer does the axiom that all a good football player needs is have no brains at all, hold true.

Not having anything else to do, this department compiled statistics which show conclusively that at the termination of the past month each man on the squad was deficient in 1.28 subjects. On the other hand, every man in college not out for football was deficient in 1.79 subjects. The excuse that "Willy" cannot go out for football because he must spend his time studying is "out."

The strong back and weak mind combination needs protection; but football, not being a game to protect the stupid, does not attract that type. "They toil not neither do they spin."

R. J. K.

Carleton, Nichols, and Johnson—deserve praise. Later, however, Wilhelm's vicious tackling and sturdy defensive play acted as a spark plug for the forward wall.

MAUVE SPLENDID IN HAVERFORD DEFEAT

Heavy Eastern Team Plows To Victory 16-7

Although tremendously outweighed and deserted by all breaks of fortune, the football team made at Haverford, on October 26, a surprisingly fine showing in defeat, 16-7. The Philadelphia line averaged to the man nearly twenty-five pounds more than Kenyon's forwards, not to mention the two hundred and ten pound fullback, Captain Morris, whose smashing play through the line was one of the highlights of the game. Carleton and Wilhelms were especially handicapped by weight, tussling with opposing players who had an advantage of fifty pounds.

The styles of attack used by the two teams differed widely, the Purple resorting to their strong pass attack, and the Haverford squad gaining by crashing through the line led by the almost unstoppable Morris. The Philadelphia team scored a safety on the first kick-off, when a fumble was grounded by Kenyon back of her own goal line. For the remainder of the opening period the ball was for the most part in mid-

field, with neither team able to gain an advantage. At the very close, however, after a march of fifty yards, the Mauve men found themselves in a position to score, but lost the ball on downs with but a couple of feet to go for the goal line.

At the very opening of the second quarter, Kenyon completed pass after pass and was again in scoring position, but a fumbled pass over the goal line gave the ball to the opponents on the twenty-yard line. An exchange of punts followed, until Haverford finally attempted a long pass which was intercepted by McElroy, and pushed to Haverford's ten yard line, where the ball was again lost on down. Haverford kicked from behind their own goal line, the punter dropped the ball, picked it up and passed while running backwards out of the end zone. The referee's decision ruled that the passer had not reached the end of the zone when the ball was thrown, and no safety resulted, although there was sharp protest made upon the point. Near the end of the half Haverford threatened, and by means of a Kenyon fumble pushed across their first touchdown, making the score 9-0. The period ended without further scoring.

At the beginning of the second half, the Purple pass attack began to net gain after gain, and on a toss from Sammon to Stock, the latter made a beautiful run of twenty yards for a touchdown. Stock kicked the extra point, bringing the score to 9-7 in Haverford's favor. A little later the pass attack again threatened the enemy goal, but for the second time a throw over the goal was dropped and Haverford gained possession of the ball on her own twenty.

Haverford's second touchdown came in the last period when on a bad Kenyon kick, they took the ball on the seventeen yard line and Morris plunged through the line for several successful gains to make the score. The point after touchdown was successful and the score stood 16-7 until the end of the game.

CINCINNATI TAKES HARD GAME BY 18-6

Kenyon Weakens After Holding Bearcats In First Half

Kenyon's purple clad football team fell once more in defeat on October 12, this time to the University of Cincinnati. The game was played in Cincinnati before a crowd of 6000 and the score was 18 to 6. Entering the contest favored to win by a wide margin, Cincinnati's Bearcats found a tartar in the fast, scrappy Kenyon eleven and were unable to score a point in the first two periods. Kenyon's attack, on the other hand, showed up well and only a decided lack of punch in the pinches prevented three Mauve touchdowns during this period. In the entire half Kenyon easily outplayed the home team with the ball in midfield, but displayed a sad lack of scoring technique when touchdown opportunities presented themselves. This timidity in the earlier moments of the struggle cost Kenyon dear, for in the second half Cincinnati threw off its lethargy and played far superior football. Only the exceptional work of Stock and Wilhelms kept the Mauve in the game.

Cincinnati scored two touchdowns in the third period, while Kenyon's attack lay dormant. Halfback Bursiek of the Bearcats, who did all the home team's scoring, broke through on two occasions for points. The first came as the result of a pass, an attacking weapon against which

Kenyon has been weak all season; the second he bucked across the line after a long march by Cincinnati from midfield.

Bursiek topped off his brilliant performance in the final quarter when another forward pass let him slip unguarded over Kenyon's goal. All three attempts at extra points were fruitless.

Kenyon's score came late in the fourth period when Marty Sammon broke loose on his own 20 yard line and led a bevy of Cincinnati players across the goal line, 80 yards away. It was a brilliant piece of running, and had Sammon been given proper interference, he might have duplicated the stunt earlier in the game.

Aside from Sammon, Stock and Wilhelms divided honors for Kenyon. The former played his usual fine brand of football, being equally deadly on attack and defense. Wilhelms, given his first real opportunity, was a terror to Bearcat attack throughout the encounter, tackling often and viciously. His work was so good that it all but overshadowed the efforts of Kenyon's usually brilliant backfield.

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